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WIDENER



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# Tommy Rhymes

Arthur V. Diehl



They fell as men, to rise as Stars  
Which cannot be denied

AD

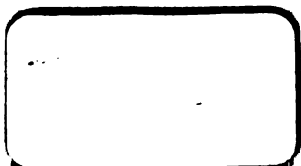
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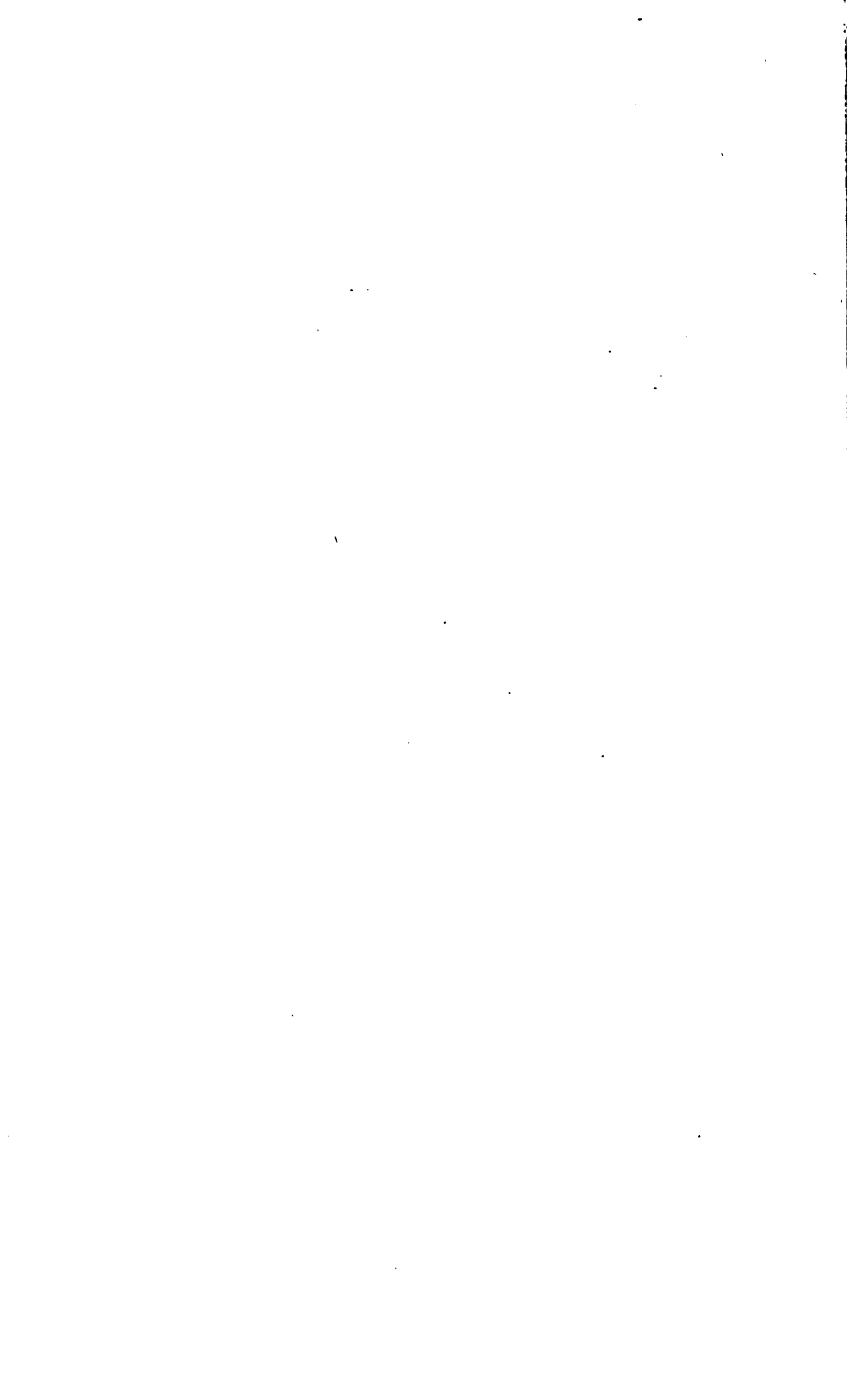
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FROM

*Prof. G. L. Kittredge*











## **“TOMMY” RHYMES**





# **“TOMMY” RHYMES**

**BY**  
**ARTHUR V. DIEHL**



**BOSTON**  
**MARSHALL JONES COMPANY**  
**1921**

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Prof. G. L. Kittredge,  
Cambridge

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## **“TOMMY” RHYMES**



---

# "TOMMY" RHYMES

---

## PROLOGUE

I M 'ERE ter be dictyted to, I'm Tommy on the  
square,

I don't know nothink, who I am, nor do I really care;  
I only know that on this pyge I orter come ter life,  
Becos' the feller carvin' me 'as sharpened up 'is  
knife;

'E trims me words so careful like, and cuts out all  
the damns,

'E just won't 'ave me cuss and swear, but squats  
me on me 'ams,

And says ter me: "Now look 'ere, boy,—yer really  
*must* be'ave,

Fer I 'ave took the liberty of givin' yer a shave.

So please tyke notice from this out—yer got ter act  
yer part

By cuttin' out and trimmin' down all cuss words  
from the start;



## "TOMMY" RHYMES

And then, I'll 'ave yer know, I want the everlastin'  
you,

And not the dirt and camouflage which mykes yer  
look askew.

I want the 'eart and soul of all yer really think and  
feel;

And if yer'll give that there ter me,—why, just this  
much, you're real;

You'll live and breathe upon the pyge, and every  
one will 'ear

The message that yer wants ter write, and 'ear it  
very clear.

Now aint it worth yer while ter try and do yer wery  
best—

Fergettin' why yer body sleeps, and why yer went  
out west?

You are an 'ero, now, "says 'e," and died fer all of  
us!—

"All right, "says I, "I'll do me best, fer better or  
fer wuss."

So 'ere I am, the 'ole of me, dear lydies and dear  
gents,

And please ferget the w'y I looks, in patches and in  
rents;

## PROLOGUE

I earned 'em all, yuss, one by one, all through the  
blinkin' war—

And now I've introdooed meself, I'd better s'y no  
more,

But act the part of all of us, as went the self syme  
w'y,

Ter find the only think worth while, the *truth* we  
knows ter-d'y.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### IN FLANDERS

A PORE little shiverin waif 'e wos,  
lorlummy! 'ow 'aggard and pale,  
A crawlin' around on 'is 'ands and knees  
and a travelin' like a snail,  
But I couldn't 'ave fathomed the look in 'is eyes  
unless I 'ad gone ter war,  
They wos wiser by far than an 'undred years,  
aye, 'undreds, and then some more.  
'E wos smeared ter the innerds wif Flarnders mud  
and covered with pimply sores,  
'T wos all on account of the grub as 'e got  
a festerin' through 'is pores,  
And 'e clutched to 'is bosom an 'arf dead cat—  
and the two of 'em looked alike—  
There wos 'ell in their eyes, as we sloppered erlong,  
the regiment on the 'ike.

It's a curious thing that I never fergit  
the look in that 'ere kid's eyes,  
Nor the look in the cat's, fer the matter o' that  
and yer couldn't 'ave called it wise,  
And yer couldn't 'ave said 'twas a cowerin' fear,  
or even a look of fright,

## IN FLANDERS

But a bit of 'em all, wif an extra thing,  
a kind of a "*second sight*"—

You can s'y wot yer like, you can think as yer  
please,  
you can 'old up me words ter scorn—  
But the kid and the cat saw the end of the world  
as surely as you was born;  
They was innercent things in the middle of 'ell,  
and Gawd was a speakin' there,  
A tykin' them out of the jaws of death,  
to a plyce where there's peace—fer fair.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### YER MONEY OR YER LIFE

I 'AVEN'T got a lot of brains, not 'arf enough  
ter see

The reason why we went ter war, except, 'tween you  
and me,

We acted rather like a kid who's bullied at 'is school,  
So wants ter fight, regardless, when 'e's treated like  
a mule.

The bully always 'as the most of everything 'e craves,  
Until a bigger bully comes; just as the bigger waves  
Will swallow up the littler ones when there's a storm  
at sea,

Or bigger fish eat littler fish, or so it seems ter me.

If I 'ad got a lot of brains, I'd search around ter find  
The reason why one thing is first, and why one's  
left be'ind;

I wouldn't be quite satisfied until I got ter know  
Why we must use a bigger fist ter down the bigger  
blow.

The 'Uns were wrong ter fight at all, but we, I must  
suppose

## YER MONEY OR YER LIFE

Were really, truly, more than right ter fell 'em with  
our blows;

And yet, oh 'ell! it's 'ard ter know—the 'Un said:—  
'might is right,'

And we said: 'No, fer right is might, then started  
out ter fight.

And now the war is over with, the fightin's just  
begun

And 'eving knows, I'm sure I don't, when scrappin'  
will be done;

We'll firstly 'ave ter figure out the w'y ter 'old our  
peace

Is chuckin' out our interest, or we shall never cease.

Fer money is the bully now, and interest its fists,  
If I could down it, I should like ter enter in the  
lists

Ter prove a man could live without the money which  
'e steals

By striking down the poorer man with money in  
'is deals.

For money is the ghost be'ind the conscience of the  
man;

'E looks around and finds 'e 'as ter 'ave it if 'e can;

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

'E finds 'e's glued ter common things without it, to  
be shore,  
And so 'e listens ter its voice, and listens more and  
more.

It tells 'im first there's somethin' wrong with 'im  
who 'asn't got  
Enough ter buy the 'appiness which ought ter be 'is  
lot;  
Then, not content with this, it adds; 'There aint no  
blinkin' God  
Exceptin' me, so don't fergit 'tis me who 'olds the  
rod.

I am the pow'r—I rule the world—all men must bow  
ter me—  
And I can buy the best of men, and women likewise,  
see,  
You knows I'm tellin' yer the truth—you went  
through four years 'ell  
Ter 'elp ter put me on me throne, and did it very  
well.

So now, me boy, you'd better use the little brains  
you've got

## YER MONEY OR YER LIFE

To serve yourself by servin' me, and get your wittles 'ot,

For you're alive, and I can buy your 'unger or your bread;

So myke yer choice and do it quick—yer'll be a long time dead.



## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### REMINISCENCE

**A**N 'Un's an 'UN! Gorblimy! Don't fergit!  
Yer think yer myde 'im over! Wyte a bit  
'E'll come agyne! Yer 'aven't licked 'im yet.  
'E's 'ardly touched, and that's the worst of it.

And 'ere I am, a grocer. Not 'arf, I aint,—  
I carnt fergit, yer see. I tell yer wot  
The sight of blood once used ter myke me faint—  
And now I 'ungers for it, quite a lot.

I'm like a beast that's tysted blood, yer know,  
Just raw fer more. I give me wife a fright  
And wyke the kids quite offen when I go  
A shoutin' and a swearin', in the night,

Across the bloody wire. It's all a dream—  
I knows it is; but tell me, wot's the dif  
Between a dream that wykes yer up ter scream  
And wot it wos—the syne old bang and biff?

I wosn't 'it. I'm 'ere ter tell the tyle.  
But Gawd! 'ow many of 'em 'ad ter die!

## REMINISCENCE

Fer what! Just nothink! That's wot mykes me  
rile.

And this 'ere League of Nations, oh my eye!

It fair gives me the 'ump. I'll stow me garf  
Or I might s'y too much. America!  
Oh, wot's the use. You're right, it is to larf,  
Though I'm not syin' Wilson aint a star.

Wot do I think of most since this 'ere war?  
Just this: I'd like ter 'ear the squelchin' noise  
Beneath me bayonet;—ter see the gore  
Pump aht and soak the mud;—ter see the boys

Come back ter life that's dead and gone,—that's  
wot;—

And arter that ter wipe the bloody 'Uns  
Clean off the earth fer good and all; ter pot  
A few meself, and die among the guns.

That's all. I'm just a grocer, bless yer 'eart;  
Just standin' 'ere and weighin' pounds of tea.  
This world's a rummy one. I'll play me part,—  
And die a grocer yet, it seems ter me.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### THE SPY

**D**ON't ever show me lydies ears, leastways, not  
white and cold,

They'd set me creepin' any time, if they was young  
or old;

I'd 'ave ter start ter thinkin' back across the passin'  
years

Ter see an 'uddled figure and the whiteness of its  
ears.

There aint no bloomin' story much connected with the  
gell,

She was a woman spy, I knows, indeed I knows too  
well,

Fer I was detailed on the squad as sent 'er to 'er  
doom,

And I can see 'er standin' 'ere, yuss, right in this  
'ere room.

This 'ere's the funny part of it, we didn't know 'er  
sex

Until the thing was over with, or we'd 'ave broke our  
necks

Before we'd shoot a woman down, as 'adn't done no  
more

## THE SPY

Than love a blinkin' 'Un too much, and prove it to  
the core.

She'd myde a pal of all of us, and acted it so smart,  
We really 'adn't no idea that she just played 'er  
part;

She 'adn't myde a single slip, until, one quiet night  
We caught 'er at a telephone she'd 'idden out of  
sight.

'Twas Captin' Jones from Camden Town who 'eard  
'er talkin' 'Un

In our communicyion trench, and this is what 'e  
done,

'E clapped 'is pistol to 'er 'ead,—still thinkin' 'er a  
boy,—

And marched 'er to 'Eadquarters at the muzzle of 'is  
toy.

Well, arter that, of course we knowed the 'ist'ry of  
'er end

Yet all of us wos 'oping that the captin' would un-  
bend;

But no, they soon court-marshalled 'er, and sentenced  
'er to die

Fer practicin' espionage, when dawn showed in the  
sky.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

I never carnt ferget the march that mornin' in the  
rain

With 'er between the lot of us, nor shall I see again  
A little chin 'eld 'igher in the raw and chilly air,  
Or see a smile so confident, no matter 'ow or where.

She wouldn't 'ave no 'andkerchief nor nothink on 'er  
eyes,

But fyced us all with levelled guns without the least  
surprise:

"Good-bye," says she, as calm as that, "you're not  
a doin' wrong,

"Fer I'm an 'Un and proud of it," she added clear  
and strong.

I think she said those words to us ter myke us shoot  
ter kill,

Becos' she saw us waverin' and lookin' sick and ill  
Ter see 'er standin' there so sweet—a bonnie, win-  
some slip,

And know that we must cut 'er off, by silencin' 'er  
lip.

The order cyme, and down she went, a riddled  
through and through,

And when the orficer stepped back, why 'ell, we knew,  
we knew,

## THE SPY

By seein' of 'is 'aggard fyce, it wos a woman there  
A lyin' in an 'uddled 'eap, all crumpled up fer fair.

Not 'arf a sickly crowd, m'ybe, not 'arf, so strike me  
pink,

As marched back to 'Eadquarters, plus the fightin'  
and the stink;

There wosn't one among us who could s'y a blinkin'  
word,

And as fer eatin' breakfast, why, that 'ere wos just  
absurd.

'Twas in the line of dooty, yuss, of course that 'ere's  
all right;

We 'ad ter to do it; yuss, no doubt, just as we 'ad  
ter fight;

But I, fer one, would give a lot, if I could quite  
fergit

That 'uddled little figure, and the misery of it.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### ON THE JAMBOUREE

O, TER lie in peace and listen, and just gaze—  
gaze—gaze,  
At 'er little feet a trippin' while they plays—plays—  
plays  
The intoxicytyn' fiddle and the drum—drum—drum,  
With a tyste or two occasional, of rum—rum—rum.

O, the twinkle and the lightness of 'er feet—feet—  
feet  
Goes a tricklin' down me eart-strings like a beat—  
beat—beat;  
'Twill be 'ell termorrer mornink in the trench—  
trench—trench  
Down among the blinkin' minnies and stench—stench  
stench.

But terd'y we are livin', and it's love—love—love;  
'Tis the billin' and the cooin' of the dove—dove—  
dove;  
Oh 'ell! we're only tystin' of the sweet—sweet—sweet,  
And our 'ambones is the anchors to our meat—meat  
—meat.

## ON THE JAMBOUREE

Fer temorrer comes the whistle and the scream—  
scream—scream,

When the memory of rollickin's a dream—dream—  
dream,

We shall all be back and muckin' in the mud—mud  
—mud,

In the splittin', and the crackin', and the thud—  
thud—thud.

Can yer blyme a blinkin' Tommy when 'e's out—out  
—out,

For 'is flirtin', and 'is guzzle, and 'is shout—shout—  
shout?

Can yer blyme 'im fer forgettin' 'e's a man—man—  
man?

You're a blighter, and yer knows it, if yer can—can  
—can.



## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### TOMMY SEARCHES

**O**H, I dunno? I 'ardly think I knows just wot I think.

It sometimes enters inter me that we are on the brink  
Of somethin' bigger than we knows, which mykes no  
blinkin' sound,  
Yet follers 'ard upon our 'eels as we goes round and  
round.

It stands ter reason, don't it now, that wot's beyond  
our sight  
Is really there, just as we're 'ere; and wot we see at  
night,—  
Those throbbin' balls in empty spyce,—can only  
point the w'y  
To others far beyond 'em all, and so on, I might s'y.

The four years 'ell 'as myde me think quite different  
of late,  
It 's myde me see that life at best is nothin' but a gate  
Ter some queer kind of garding, yuss, like Eden was,  
yer know,  
Before Eve found the apple there, and 'ate began  
ter show.

## TOMMY SEARCHES

Now every kid that's born right now knows nothink  
of the war,  
Will read it all as 'Istory, just that and nothink  
more,  
But you and me as sawed it all, the four years bleed-  
in' gyme,  
Are sure we knows the 'ole of it, but do we, just the  
syme?

We knows the part we took in it, and that is all we  
knows,  
And all the rest outside o' that, is 'ears'y, I suppose;  
So don't yer think wot's in ourselves, and wot we do,  
yer see,  
Is all we're shore of in this life and all eternity?

I'd 'ate ter think those pals o' mine who died and  
left me 'ere  
'Ave LOST all sense of 'appiness, who 'ad no sense  
of fear;  
Who, countin' nothin', went right on, ter bryvely  
meet their doom,  
Must lie there everlastin' in the darkness of the tomb.

It don't seem right that this should be, and if not,  
why, they're 'ere,

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

Not sorrowin', lamentin' like, but bringin' us good  
cheer ;  
A tryin' 'ard ter myke us know, that wot we see and  
'ear  
Is just ourselves, and nothink else, and wot we don't,  
*IS FEAR.*

Wot worried me in this 'ere war, wos not the things  
I knew,  
But wot I just *expected*, see, might soon be orful  
true,  
I didn't think of dyin' wunce, and yet I wos afryde  
Of wot might 'appen to this flesh of which me body's  
myde.

Ter sum it up ; I aint afryde no more ter think the  
dead  
Comes in and out me room at night when I am in me  
bed ;  
Fer when I sleeps, I seldom dreams these nights, but  
lie in peace,  
And when I wykes I seems ter know new wonders  
never cease.

## ON THE TRYNE

### ON THE TRYNE

**G**OOD mornin' Sir—I'll move me bag,  
There's lots of room in 'ere—  
Don't mention it—its quite all right,  
No, no! I'd call it queer  
If I could 'ave the nerve ter think  
I owned this blinkin' tryne  
Becos' I've 'anded out the price  
Ter ride in one agyne.

O' course 'twas "transportytion free"  
When I wos in the war,  
And lots of other things wos free  
Fer which I paid before;  
They didn't charge me nothink when  
I left me 'ome and wife,  
Nor did they s'y a word abart  
The riskin' of me life.

This tryne goes farst! Perhaps it does!  
It don't seem so ter me,  
Fer I wos in the flyin' gyme  
Out there in France, yer see;  
There never wos a single time  
When I wos in the air

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

I didn't think wot blinkin' snails  
The trynes wos, over there;

Like caterpillars on the move  
They crawled from plyce ter plyce,  
While, up above, I 'ummed erlong  
Me motor singin' nice,  
The puff balls from the Archies myde  
The artificial cloud  
Ter illustryte me angel wings  
Of which I wos so proud.

And down below me wos the earth  
Where 'uming beings fought,  
Where every man that crawled erlong  
Wos either sold or bought.  
But I wos free, above the lot,  
A king in everythink,  
Above the roar, above the dirt,  
The trenches and the stink.  
I'd 'eard of cooties, dugouts, filth—

But that wos all I knew  
Of sich like things, fer I wos clean  
And 'ad a lovely view;  
So there I sat, a droppin' bombs  
On top of 'Eine's 'ead;

## ON THE TRYNE

*(Not out of stinkin' Zeppelins  
When children wos in bed,)*

But in the sunshine and the blue,  
A livin', shinin' mark  
Fer any gun that might be trained—  
*(Not sneakin' in the dark.)*

That's why I say that I wos free  
As any blinkin' bird;  
For, arter all, in times of peace  
A gun is there, I've 'eard,

Fer every bird that's on the wing  
That 'uming beings eat;  
And there I wos, the self syne thing,  
Ter serve as 'Eine's meat.

Now, in this tryne, we, as it were,  
Are in the creature's guts  
That's breathin' steam and dirty smoke,  
Which covers us with smuts:

But, up out there, above the clouds,  
I didn't 'ave no dirt,  
So I wos free and close ter Gawd  
Where death could do no 'urt.  
And bein' closer than the rest  
As burrowed in the earth,

## **“TOMMY” RHYMES**

**I 'ad the charnce of findin' out  
'Ow little life is worth.**

**You're gettin' aht? I'm sorry, Sir!  
Of course I'll shyke yer 'and;  
I'm glad yer think the flyin' corps',  
The finest in the land:  
Canydians, Austrylians,  
Yuss, 'Ighlanders as well,  
Wos all the syne in that there lot  
That tysted 'ev'n and 'ell.**

## SOFTIE

### SOFTIE

A SORTIN' turnips in a field  
She stood,—and round 'er,—war!  
'Er father wos a ne'er-do-well,  
'Er mother—well!—an 'aw.

'Er misty eyes—('ow blue they wos!)  
Looked miles and miles away,  
As though they read and understood  
The night beyond the day;

As though they fathomed why the man  
Wot goes ter war's a beast—  
She knew that, later, well enough,  
Ter s'y the very least.

They faced a foe no crueller  
Than 'er's,—the kind she faced;  
Wot seal was worse upon 'er fate  
Than this, which war 'ad traced?

Ter see 'er standin' there did this:  
Stripped bare the nyked fact  
That man 'as charged a toll on life  
By each forbidden act.



## **"TOMMY" RHYMES**

'Twas ard ter watch 'er workin' there  
Till, som'ow, you could feel  
The 'avoc round 'er wos the dream,  
'Er thoughts alone wos real.

They called 'er "Softie," for, yer know,  
They didn't think 'er wise;  
But I knew different, for I—  
Saw 'eving through 'er eyes.

## RATS

### RATS

**I** DISREMEMBER, seems ter me

Me mytey's second nyme,

'E 'ad one, ter be sure 'e 'ad,

But there, it's all the syme,

It doesn't matter, not a scrap;

I allus called 'im Rats,

Becos' 'e 'ad an 'orror, like,

Of any kind of cats.

'E wos a most peculiar chap;

I sometimes thought, at first,

'E 'ad a screw loose somewheres, fer

'E suffered from a thirst

As I 'ad never seen before,

'E'd drink all kinds of stuff

That you and me would 'ate ter touch

And never get enough.

One night we wos in number six,

A blarsted list'nin post;

Our only light a candle, which

Would larst an hour at most,

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

When Rats looked parst me frigid, with  
A fyce as white as chalk,  
At somethink right be'ind me, which  
Wos there, but couldn't talk.

I felt me 'air a risin', and  
A shiver down me back;  
And wyted, 'orror-stricken, in  
The darkness, the attack  
I felt wos comin' towards me, as  
I saw me mytey's fyce;  
'Is droppin' jaw wos frightful, and  
'Is eyes, they wosn't nice;

A chokin' fear just gripped me, fer  
It seemed I 'eard a scream  
Would turn yer blood ter water, if  
Yer 'eard it in a dream;  
And arter this a wailin', like  
An 'aunted soul in pain,  
Which froze yer to the marrow, yuss,  
Till you wos 'arf insane.

We both of us stood shakin', no,  
Just quakin' is the word;—  
Wot blinkin' fools the both of us—  
We must 'ave looked absurd!

## RATS

The reason was so foolish that  
I 'ates ter stop and think  
Wot trifles may cause terror and  
Can put yer on the blink.

Now Rats 'ad been a drinkin' 'ard  
Of stuff 'e tried tyr myke  
Of raisins, rice, and sich like things  
That 'e could steal or tyke:  
'E'd stoppered up a shell case, where  
'E kept the beastly mess,  
Which smelled like fifty corpses in  
A row, I must confess.

The noise I 'eard be'ind me was  
The stopper workin' loose;  
The wailin' was the whistle of  
The farst escapin' juice;  
And as fer Rats—the D. T.'s laid  
'Im low that wery night,  
And I 'ad all I wanted of  
That soul-possessin' fright.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### ON 'AMPSTEAD 'EATH

**T**HERE'S a lonely little cross out there  
one end of Vimy Ridge,  
A little cross I myde meself,  
a piece of broken bridge—  
I carved Bill's nyme upon it, yuss,  
the wery d'y we went  
Ter jine the corps of engineers  
whose ranks was well nigh spent.

There isn't much of Bill out there  
within the lonely gryve,  
A shred or two of uniform,  
and bits I tried ter syve;  
I aint quite shore as all of it  
was Bill, or someone's pa  
Among these kids on 'Ampstead 'Eath,  
that's plyin' where we are.

I often thinks 'ow stryngce it is  
I seems ter see 'is fyce  
Now 'ere, now there, among the crowd  
as wisits this 'ere plyce;

## ON 'AMPSTEAD 'EATH

I'm back 'ere now, upon the job,  
right on me roundabout,  
The horgin plys, the 'orses prarnce,  
the children larf and shout:  
But some'ow all the spirit's gone  
from everythink ter me,  
Fer Bill don't run the engine now,—  
*although 'e's 'ere, yer see!*  
Don't larf!—I'm tellin' yer the truth  
I knows 'e comes and goes,  
Although 'is body went ter bits,—  
'is 'ands as well as toes—

'E comes and tells me wot ter do  
when anythink goes wrong,  
And 'elps me in a 'undred w'ys  
each time 'e comes erlong.  
It's wery wonderful ter me  
ter 'ear 'im laugh and chat,  
'E reely 'asn't chynged a bit;—  
that's wot I'm gettin' at!

They thinks that since the war I'm cracked,  
a little off the top,  
Becos' I gets ter talkin' loud  
at times around the shop;

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

But they carnt 'ear the answers, which  
    is loud enough ter me,  
Nor understand me when I says  
    it's just "telepathy."

There was a time I didn't know  
    that that there thing exists,  
Which now, ter me, is just as real  
    as these 'ere grimy fists:  
I sees and feels me fists, it's true  
    but why?—I allus arsk,  
Becos' when I am farst asleep  
    they might as well be carsks—

Fer all the good they do ter me  
    or all I knows or cares;  
Where is me mind when I'm asleep,  
    which now me body shares?  
It's all too deep fer me, I know,  
    and yet I'm satisfied  
That Vimy Ridge and 'Ampstead 'Eath  
    ter Bill—are side by side.

## 'ARF A NOTION

### 'ARF A NOTION

**O**H! yer 'aven't 'arf a notion 'ow yer next door  
neighbor feels,  
'E might even be a poet, or a cove wot robs or steals,  
Or 'e might work on a railway, or the work'us,  
brykin' stones,  
But in a trench beside yer 'e's a 'eap of flesh and  
bones.

We were all a lot of cog-wheels, in the varst machine  
of war  
And our energy was needed, for it dwelt within our  
gore;  
So they knowed enough ter feed us with the necessary  
food  
That would set the wheels a whirrin', and would keep  
'em at it good.

'Twas the chap who functioned 'igher, who 'ad got  
ter 'ave the faith  
In a certain subtle somethink, which to us, wos like  
a wraith,  
Fer 'e 'ad ter furnish ideas, 'ow ter drive the varst  
machine,



## “TOMMY” RHYMES

That would do the work 'e called for—you can tell  
just wot I mean.

Wot's the use of mincin' matters ; wars is cruel, fierce,  
unjust,

And we're there as individuals fer the reason that we  
must

Thrust aside our own conception of the proper w'y  
ter live,

For the privilege of knowin' that our life is ours ter  
give.

# THE LUCKY BLIGHTER

## THE LUCKY BLIGHTER

**O**H! the blinkin' path of glory  
Wos so everlastin' gory  
That it turned a Tommy's stummick as 'e trampled  
through the mud;  
It wos 'ard ter overwhelm it  
While 'is blarsted drippin' 'elmet  
Kept a soakin' of 'is shoulders till it chilled 'is wery  
blood:

'E wos comin' to it slowly  
In a w'y that wosn't 'oly  
That the blighters in 'eadquarters wos a sittin' round  
the fire,  
And 'e couldn't see no reason  
W'y the 'ell it wosn't treason  
Fer the lot to tyke it easy just becos' of rankin'  
'igher.

I'm a doin' of me dooty,  
Thinks 'e, reachin' fer a cootie  
Which 'ad some'ow lost it's bearin's, and wos crawlin'  
down 'is spine;

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

And I'm muckin' in the mire,  
While they squats around the fire—  
And I'd like ter know the reason why they 'as it all  
so fine.

All that night 'e kept revolvin'  
And a spendin' time resolvin'  
'Ow 'e wouldn't answer roll call if they gyve 'im arf  
a charnce;  
'E wos sick and tired of servin',  
So 'e thought 'isself deservin'  
Of a little better billet than 'e 'ad that night in  
Frarnce.

But 'e chynged 'is mind next mornin'  
In the front line trench 'e'd gone in,  
When 'e 'eard the thing that 'appened at 'eadquarters  
in the night,  
Fer the bally lot wos blown up  
In a cloud of debris thrown up  
When an extra 'eavy coal box came from 'Eine out  
of sight.

Arter this 'e quit 'is grousin'  
Neither did 'e do no sousin'  
When at last 'e copped 'is blighty and 'e reached 'is  
'ome and wife,

## THE LUCKY BLIGHTER

Fer it started 'im ter guessin'

And to arterwards confessin'

That the only lucky blighter wos the one who syved  
'is life.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### 'OW 'ABAHT THE COOK?

**I** WOS a regimental cook; yer see, I aint a cove  
As knows wot's wot in everythink, and yet I think  
I've strove  
As 'ard ter understand the gist of all that 'appens  
now—  
(Fer war 'as myde a difference, a big one, you'll  
allow)—  
As any bloke who's 'ad the charnce ter know the in-  
side track  
Of policies and leagues and things which stytes 'ow  
white is black.

We've licked the 'Un, but not fer long,—the Kaiser  
is alive  
And thinkin' too, I 'ave no doubt, 'ow 'e can best  
contrive  
Ter put 'isself where 'e belongs, and that is, in 'is  
mind,  
A notch ahead of all of us, so we are left be'ind.  
I'll tell yer this; 'e aint alone in wantin' ter advarnce,  
Fer most of us would do the syme, if we 'ad 'arf a  
charnce.

## 'OW 'ABAHT THE COOK?

It stands ter reason, don't it now, that 'e 'as lots of  
time

Ter think out w'ys and means a bit, and practice  
'ow ter climb

From out the pen 'e's in right now, the 'Olland type,  
I mean,

Which gives a chap an 'oliday, a nice bright chynge  
of scene;

Besides the time ter plot and scheme ter get back to  
Berlin;

Rememberin' Napoleon, the fix that 'e wos in.

I 'ave no doubt there's lots of folks in Rooshia would  
be glad

Ter see old Willym back again with all 'e ever 'ad,  
And, in addition, wot the Tzar 'ad put aside fer 'im,  
Before the Bolshi's got it all, and tore it limb from  
limb.

They've got the 'ole thing in their 'ands, both  
Trotsky and Lenine;

The w'y they growls is ominous, these bears be'ind  
the scene.

There aint no question in me mind, that labor's now  
on top,

Yet, underneath it, boilin' 'ard, another kind of slop

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

Is tryin' 'ard ter lick the scum from off the top, it  
seems,  
By boilin' over on the stove—(that's where the fire  
gleams)—  
Fer this, they think, will do the trick, and is the  
only w'y  
Ter get rid of impurities At least, that's wot they  
s'y.

But all of them fergit the Cook! The one who 'olds  
the spoon;  
Who's managin' the 'eat and things, the one who,  
very soon,  
Will skim the stuff ter suit 'isself—and turn off all  
the 'eat,  
Ter give the best of us a charnce, *fer 'e's a cookin'*  
*MEAT*.  
I don't care wot yer calls the cook, nor wot yer  
thinks 'e is,  
There's one thing sure, and that's enough—'es really  
knows 'is biz.

'E stands so 'igh, this Cook of ours, above our silly  
'eads  
That, knowin' that 'is 'ands is there, we still think  
we're the reds,

## 'OW 'ABAHT THE COOK?

The one pertic'ler brand of blood that's goin' ter  
syve the age,  
By boilin' over on the stove a lot of 'ate and rage.  
That shows 'ow foolish men can be who wants ter  
'ave their w'y,  
They thinks they gets it, but, at last, the check's  
fer them ter p'y.

A cook once told an awful truth, and this is 'ow it  
goes:  
'Too many cooks will spoil the broth,' there's only  
one who knows,  
And in 'is 'ead the knowledge reigns, that we are  
nearly done,  
And so 'e regulytes the 'eat, and stirs us one by one  
Just round and round with 'is big spoon, a watchin'  
all the while  
Ter keep us in the pot, fer 'e, just *knows* we 'as  
ter bile.



## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### TOMMY DURING A THUNDERSTORM

**O**W I wonders if I'm wiser, now this 'ere war 's at  
an end,  
Fer the fireworks from 'eving seems a puny thing ter  
send,  
All this thunderin' and lightnin' aint a marker 'gainst  
the war  
Which could rend a bloke ter mincemeat, leavin'  
nothin', even gore.

I was talkin' ter a sargint, yuss, 'twas out there  
Wipers w'y,  
And the larks was singin' madly, fit ter split their  
throats, I s'y,  
When a minnie dropped from 'eving, and it copped  
the sargint fair,  
Fer a moment I was blinded, then—*the sargint wasn't  
there.*  
All the 'ole of 'im was missin', not a single thing ter  
show,  
'E was empty as a bubble when it's bursted, don't yer  
know,  
And it started me ter thinkin', and a doubtin', on  
the 'ole,  
If the man inside 'is carcass is the keeper of 'is soul.

## TOMMY DURING THUNDERSTORM

Now the sargint went out suddint, and 'e 'adn't time  
ter think

'Fore the bloomin' thing 'ad 'appened, while I'd  
'ardly time ter blink;

Yet the 'ole of 'im was missin'—'e 'ad wanished,  
don't yer see;

'Ow the 'ell 'is soul went with 'im is a mystery ter me.

If yer sees a corpse beside yer, why, yer knows the  
man is dead,

Yer can see 'is feet and stummick, and 'is eyes is in  
'is 'ead;

But this kind of disappearin', leavin' nothin', not a  
tryce,

Is the thing ter set yer guessin' wot is wot in time  
and spyce.

Now I longs fer educytion, like the chaps as knows  
wot's wot,

When it comes ter doin' wonders with the cold and  
with the 'ot,

Fer it seems ter me the sargint is a livin', though 'e's  
dead,

And I 'ears 'im talkin' constant, when I'm lyin' in me  
bed.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

'E wos tellin' me a story just that moment when 'e  
went

'Bout a little kid of 'is'n that the dear good Lord  
'ad sent;

I could see 'is eyes a swimmin', when the blinkin'  
minnie cyme

And it busted in 'is middle;—Gawd!—just think of  
dyin' gyne.

Fer the fraction of an instant, like that lightnin'  
wos just now,

I could see 'is fyce a glowin', and 'twas lighted up,  
I vow,

With a light of blyzin' splendor that I'll never see  
agyne,

Till in turn my soul goes uppards, leavin' earth and  
all it's pyne.

No,—yer carn't tell me it's wisdom that the *body*  
learns while 'ere,

Or the sargint would 'ave knowed it, and would tell  
me, never fear,

When 'is spirit seeks me pillow, and 'is woice sounds  
in the night

Like a flock of shinin' angels, which is there, *but out  
of sight.*

# THE WORLD'S REORGANIZIN'

## THE WORLD'S REORGANIZIN'

**N**OW the world's reorganizin', fer it's 'ad its little  
spree,  
And it's got its little 'eadache fer its payment, don't  
yer see;  
There's no doubt about the outcome when we does a  
thing too much,  
For we're bound ter come a cropper, and be 'untin'  
fer a crutch.

Oh, wot a blinkin' chump 'e is  
Who tykes a drop too much;  
Fer 'e's bound ter come a cropper  
And be 'untin' fer a crutch.

So we're leanin' on our crutches now, the riches that  
we found  
At the bottom of the muck-'eap, but they won't go all  
around,  
And there's lots of wretched beggars with not 'arf  
enough ter live  
And a mob of greedy duffers who would rather die  
than give.

## **“TOMMY” RHYMES**

Oh, wot a blinkin' chump 'e is  
Who hasn't learned ter give;  
Fer 'e's bound ter come a cropper  
When the beggars learn ter live.

For there's somethin' comin', sure as fyte, ter iron  
out the rags,  
And ter smooth out all the wrinkles in the empty  
money-bags,  
And the world's reorganizin', not alone fer you and  
me,  
But for them as died ter syve us, and ter teach  
democracy.

Oh, wot a blinkin' chump 'e is  
Who won't wyke up and see,  
Fer 'e's bound ter come a cropper  
When 'e meets democracy.

## TRYIN' TER FERGET

### TRYIN' TER FERGET

**R**IGHT in the thick of it—lor! I was sick of it,  
Gawd! 'ow I 'ated the blisterin' war,  
'Ated the 'ole of it, clean ter the soul of it,  
Right in the middle of murderin' more.

Loathin' each d'y of it, what can I s'y of it  
Other than call it a thunderin' shyme,  
'Ow we was 'urled in it, yuss, and was whirled in it  
Whether or no we was 'arf dead or gyme.

Am I fergettin' it, all that I met in it,  
Would I be lyin' ter s'y that I am?  
Yuss, I am shore of it, fer I thinks more of it  
Now that it's done and I don't give a damn.

What 'as your bayonet, red, got ter s'y on it  
When you are wipin' its length on some 'ay—  
'Ot with the 'ell of it, rank with the smell of it—  
Other than 'atred and 'orror, I say?

'Ow can I tell of it, 'arf of the 'ell of it?  
'Ow can I think when I'm wonderin' yet  
'Ow I got out of it, is there a doubt of it,  
Seein' I'm 'ere tryin' 'ard ter ferget?

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### TOMMY TO 'IS WIFE

**T**HE 'ouse is silent, Millie dear,  
the children is in bed,  
The clock's a tickin' peaceful like,  
so rest yer weary 'ead  
Against your 'usband's bosom, dear,  
and sit upon 'is knee,  
And let us think this hour, my dear,  
wos myde fer you and me.

Do you remember, Millie dear,  
afore this blinkin' war,  
'Ow I cyme reelin' 'ome one night  
a shoutin' out fer more;  
And 'cos yer 'adn't it I swore  
and struck yer on the fyce?  
Oh Gawd! me dear, I'll kiss yer now,  
right on the wery plyce.

Yer needn't cry! Yer 'usband's 'ere  
a better, better man,  
Who knows 'e loves yer, Millie dear,  
and mybe, if 'e can.

## TOMMY TO 'IS WIFE

'E'll myke up fer the part 'e played  
by showin' 'er, 'is wife,  
The 'Uns 'ad brought 'er 'appiness  
by sparin' 'im 'is life.

The war ain't misery to us,  
now is it, Millie dear,  
It brought us back together, love,  
and took aw'y yer fear.  
Look in yer 'usband's eyes right now,  
what do yer see in there?  
Not 'arf a beast, but just a man,  
the man as myde yer care.

Look in the blyzin' coals, my dear,  
that there's a war yer see,  
The carbon is a strugglin'  
ter set the gases free,  
The fire burns up all the dirt  
and what is left is clean;  
But for them wery ashes, dear,  
this world 'ad never been.

Yer 'usband burned up in the war  
the dirty part of life,



## **“TOMMY” RHYMES**

The part as shouldn't lie between  
the 'usband and the wife:  
Ah! now you're smilin', Millie dear,  
the smile I used ter miss;  
Let's start our life all over now,  
and seal it with a kiss.

## TOMMY'S FALL

### TOMMY'S FALL

**I** LEFT a missus aht at 'ome, a missus and a kid,  
You'd s'y she's rare ter look at too, I'll bet yer 'arf  
a quid;  
And as fer 'im,—well, I don't know, 'e's just a bit  
all right;  
That's 'ow I knows I lost me 'ead, when I met 'er  
that night.

I took 'er fer a Flarnders gal, she 'ad a twisted  
smile  
And ankles wot'd turn yer 'ead and 'old yer quite a  
while;  
Those was the keys ter fit me lock, a feller wif the  
'ump  
When 'ome sweet 'ome was stickin' in 'is gullet like  
a lump.

The trenches was fergotten as I walked the boulevard  
A cigarette between me lips, which I was puffin' 'ard  
When, lookin' down, I saw 'er feet—(mybe they  
wosn't trim),  
And 'igher up two swellin' calves above 'er ankles  
slim.

## “TOMMY” RHYMES

But when I caught 'er eye I choked,—the 'ole of me  
gyve w'y

And 'ome sweet 'ome went fadin' back ter some fer-  
gotten d'y,

She 'ad me 'ooked, I trailed erlong, and pretty soon  
I found

The two of us wos steppin' far upon forbidden  
ground.

No need fer me ter tell the truth, you know it, wot's  
the use!

A liar allus proves 'isself by mykin' an excuse,

But 'ere's the queerest thing of all, I fell so 'ard fer  
'er,

And she fer me, I knew fer sure, that somethin' would  
occur.

That mornin' when I left 'er in the midst of drizzlin'  
ryne

I felt as mean as anythink, and partin' wos a pyne,  
And when I joined me regiment, the word 'ad come  
fer us

To 'old the front line trenches, and fer once I didn't  
cuss.

That night upon the firin' step, a watchin' no-man's-  
land,

## TOMMY'S FALL

I gyve meself a talkin' to, fer plyin' such a 'and  
Agyne the gyime of decency, a wonderin' the while  
'Ow soon I'd get the punishment, and in wot kind of  
style.

I 'adn't long ter wyte ter see; the 'Un that very night  
Thought best ter 'ope the gytes of 'ell, ter strafe us  
into fright,

And pretty soon me blighty came, and copped me in  
the eye,

And then fer extra measure like, just split apart me  
thigh.

They rushed me to emergency, and so on to the base,  
Where I was yellin' all the time I'd win the blinkin'  
race,

Fer some'ow I was dreamin' that I 'ad ter win or  
bust

Against a 'undred demons who was whackin' me for  
lust.

There aint no use of argument, we pays up fer our  
sins,

And wunce we've done a dirty thing the punishment  
begins;

But this I'll s'y, I don't deny I acted like a cur,  
What busts me now ter bits is this—*the wrong I did*  
*to 'er.*

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### TOMMY WON'T AGREE

**A**CCORDIN' to the lytest chap, we are the 'alt  
and lame

Who sees all things as others see, and merely play  
the game

We should be different, it seems, not natural or sane,  
Fer that's the worst that we could do if freedom we  
could gain.

We ought ter imityte the bloke who says that green is  
red,

That every man should stay awake when others go  
ter bed,

We orter focus on the light, not 'ang upon a strap  
To 'elp support us all the while, says 'e, this lyter  
chap.

An everlastin' bug 'e 'as of reachin' up ter 'eights  
'E wants to fly, 'e wants ter scream, so aeroplanes or  
kites

Is far too 'eavy for 'is 'ead, and so 'e beats around  
A followin', just like a moth, the light 'e thinks 'e's  
found.

## TOMMY WON'T AGREE

'E 'as, gorblimy! So 'ave we; but we're content ter  
be

Just 'uming beings in the light 'e's lookin' for, yer  
see.

We're 'umble, so we tykes the gifts that Gawd sends  
down to us,

And tykes as we tykes a wife, fer better or for wuss.

Now what's the use in these 'ere d'ys of livin' hupside  
down,

A searchin' fer a tragedy ter find a silly clown;  
Of teachin' kids that black is white, and wice-wersa  
too;

Of tellin' 'em that packs of lies is all there is that's  
true;

Yer aint a goin' ter better things by jumpin' off the  
dock,

You'll never put a bloke ter sleep by givin' 'im a  
shock,

Unless yer do it with a jolt, intentioned, on the jaw,  
And then you'd be a fightin' man, just that, and  
nothing more.

I aches fer knowledge, yuss, I do, but not the crazy  
kind——

## **“TOMMY” RHYMES**

**Which seems ter be the fashion now, so isn't 'ard ter  
find;**

**So what I want ter know is this, ter bring me kids  
up right,**

**That's stirred into this mucky mess, this feller's  
shinin' light.**

## THE 'ARP OF 'EVING

### THE 'ARP OF 'EVING

**T**HERE'S a time that comes ter all of us  
when we knows quite a lot,  
When the 'arp of 'eving wykes us  
to the knowledge we aint got;  
Though the 'ole of life seems clearer  
than we ever saw before,  
We are swimmin' in deep waters, and  
we'd better myke fer shore.  
'Tis the strongest who is drownded, yuss,  
just nine times out of ten,  
Fer the weaker grabs the stronger, and  
it's all up with 'im then,  
If 'e carnt avoid 'is clutchin' in  
this constant stream of air,  
Which we lives in, as the fishes  
lives in water everywhere.  
But 'ow few of us imagines, we,  
like minnows in a pool,  
Are a travelin' tergether, like  
they're doin', in a school;  
We are all mixed up together, and  
the foolish and the wise



## **“TOMMY” RHYMES**

**Stands the charnce of being netted by  
a fisher in the skies.**

**When 'E needs us we are goners and  
we 'as ter s'y good-bye**

**To the breakfast, and the dinner, and  
the supper when we die;**

**We are yanked from out the ocean that  
we lived in, don't yer see,**

**When the gryter power needs us fer  
'Is livin', seems ter me.**

## SISSY THE PINK-UN

### SISSY THE PINK-UN

**I** NEVER seen a nicer chap ter look at, don't yer know,  
All pink and white and frilly like, 'e surely was a beau,  
'E 'ad a gentle biby voice, 'e 'ad, I do declare,  
And though 'e used 'igh-soundin' words, 'e 'ad a lot ter spare.

M'ybe we didn't mimic 'im, us Tommies, on the sly,  
We didn't dare ter do it when the officers wos by;  
'E took it so good-natured like, just smilin' in a w'y,  
That myde us itch ter 'andle 'im quite roughly, you might s'y.

'E wos so blinkin' gentle that 'e myde yer grit yer teeth

Ter stop from carvin' 'im alive ter see wot lay beneath;

From Aldershot ter Salisbury Plain, from Salisbury Plain ter Francke

'Is sissy voice just 'aunted us, and fairly myde us prance.

'E'd mucked 'is w'y up through the ranks to non-com., it is true,

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

And though we 'ated all 'is w'ys, we liked 'im, through  
and through;

No matter wot we did, or 'ow, 'e never showed no bile,  
And lookin' back, it seems ter me, 'twas that that  
myde us rile.

Ter see the w'y 'e 'andled things, in slow and gryceful  
curves,

And be so everlastin' nice, why, gryted on yer nerves ;  
We called 'im Sissy just at first, till Pink-un cyme  
erlong;

And though these nymes did seem to 'urt, we didn't  
mean no wrong.

Ter'd'y I'd give these 'ands of mine, ter know 'e  
wosn't dead,

Ter 'ear 'is voice come down the wind, and see 'is  
curly 'ead;

I 'ates ter think 'e doesn't know 'ow much I think of  
'im,

Or 'ow I'd die ter syve 'is life and do it with a vim.  
It's all too late, fer now 'e's dead, and we are left  
be'ind

Ter know 'ow blinkin' mean we wos; 'ow none of us  
could find

The 'ero that wos there ter show, before 'e showed  
us all

The finest w'y a chap could die, and like a soldier fall.

## SISSY THE PINK-UN

It 'appened on a Friday night. We'd 'ad a quiet d'y,  
Just now and then a little noise when someone blyzed  
away,

So, on the 'ole, we was surprised, when suddenly the  
cry

Went up the line the 'Uns was loose ,and men began  
ter die.

'Twas 'ell ter p'y that night, indeed, it seemed we'd  
'ave ter run,

Fer soon we found the 'Uns in strength, was more  
than ten ter one,

But not so Pink-un, 'e withstood as calm as anythink  
With 'Uns ter left and right of 'im, and did'nt even  
blink

When one great 'ulkin' Boche set out ter stamp upon  
'is fyce,

'E girnned, and drove 'is bayonet clean to the 'ilt so  
nice

That with a grunt, the beggar fell, but pinned 'im  
ter the ground

As other 'Uns was closin' in, attracted by the sound.

'E killed 'em all, yuss, one by one, with only one arm  
free,

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

But 'ow 'e managed it is yet a mystery ter me—  
And still they came, as thick as bees, and down went  
    Leary first,  
And Pink-un saw it, dropped 'is gun, (not thinkin' if  
    'e durst)

But leaped right in and with 'is fists laid one more of  
    'em out,  
Not mindin' us, or wot we saw, or 'ow we tried ter  
    shout  
Ter warn 'im that 'e stood no charnce unless 'e quit  
    and run,  
Fer 'e 'ad nothink but 'is 'ands ter fight with,—'e  
    wos done.

'E 'ad no ears fer anythink but savin' Leary's life,  
Fer 'e wos just a single man, and Leary 'ad a wife.  
Afore 'e went 'is larst words wos: "Did Leary get  
    aw'y?"

And when we told 'im yuss, 'e smiled; 'e 'ad no more  
    ter s'y.

We buried 'im particular, beside a clump of trees,  
Becos' we knew 'e loved the woods, the quiet, and the  
    breeze;

## SISSY THE PINK-UN

And when the chaplain read the part which says  
“and earth to earth”

We knew wot blinkin’ fools we wos, and ’ow much ’e  
wos worth.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### TOMMY OF THE SUB

**I**F yer carried a 'od,  
Like a regular clod  
On the top of a dump in the scene,  
Now you're under the sod  
Your're a little tin god  
And the poppies above yer are clean;  
For yer did all and more  
In this glorious war  
And are one of it's 'eroes, I mean,  
For, of course, to be sure, there's an absence of gore  
In the guts of a tin submarine.

If yer served on a sub  
You was counted a dub  
With a gizzard as big as a pea;  
And yer 'eard in your club  
As yer did in the pub  
You was 'arf like an 'Un, don't yer see;  
Fer the things that yer did  
And the w'y that yer 'id  
Sounded much like a cold-blooded gyme;  
Yet from captain ter kid, when yer clapped down the  
lid  
You were 'arf of a corpse just the syme.

## TOMMY OF THE SUB

Oh, its all very well,

But yer life was like 'ell

When you lay in the ooze and the mud,

In the 'eat and the smell

Of the stinkin' old shell

And the grind and the noise and the thud;

You were much like a bloke

Who's afraid of a stroke

When he's 'itched ter 'is bed 'ard and farst;

And yer called it a joke, this expectin' ter choke

In a blinkin' tin fish at the larst.

And if somethin' went wrong,

Why you 'ad ter be strong

Though yer 'eart pounded 'ard in yer ears,

Like some 'ellish old gong,

Though it wosn't fer long,

It wos ages ter you, it appears;

Fer there aint one who'd strive

Ter be buried alive

If 'e knew 'e 'ad choice of 'is death;

But 'd far rather dive, as a bee ter 'is 'ive

O'er the top ter be losin' 'is breath.

If by charnce you 'ave been

In a tin submarine,



## **“TOMMY” RHYMES**

**Which wos rusty and leaky as 'ell;**

**'Tis the devil you've seen,**

**You will know what I mean,**

**If yer says it and means it as well;**

**Fer you 'arf dies of fright**

**In the blackness of night**

**When a bomb stands the thing on its 'ead;**

**If yer dreams it,—all right, you will 'owl with delight**

**When yer finds you are 'ome in yer bed.**

## TOMMY WONDERS

### TOMMY WONDERS

**T**HERE'S a bit of good old Adam  
stirrin' in the best of men;  
There's a bit of Eve remainin'  
in the blarsted feminine;  
And the generytions yet ter come  
in turn will tryce in us,  
The reason why they frets and fails  
and why their women fuss.

I went ter war, I did me best,  
and now I'm 'ome again  
Expectin' things ter be the syrne,  
and yet—or I'm insane—  
I catch a look in Amy's eyes,  
yuss, Amy is me wife,—  
That mykes me squirm, and digs down deep,  
and cuts me like a knife.

And I, in turn, sees in 'er eyes  
a look, occasional,  
That sets me stummick quiverin';  
fer when I met the gal

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

I 'ad in Frarnce, so strike me pink,  
the self syme look I saw,  
*As when me wife meets 'Arry now,*  
*and sees 'im to the door.*

Fer 'Arry was at 'ome while I  
was over there in Frarnce,  
And now and then took Amy out  
ter 'ave a little darnce;  
Of course there wosn't nothin' wrong  
in that, 'ow could there be?  
And yet, gorblimy, if there was,  
I'd lick 'im, don't yer see.

That there's the Adam in me 'ead,  
that there's the Eve in 'er;  
I knows inside that I went wrong,  
that somethin' did occur;  
And she, per'aps, is thinkin' too,  
she dassent s'y a word,  
Because she thinks I smells a rat  
about wot 'as occurred.

So there we are, the two of us,  
a sparrin' fer a charnce

## TOMMY WONDERS

Ter catch the other in a lie,  
or in a crooked glarnce;  
The both of us is fit ter bust  
wif jealousy, no doubt;  
And yet the neither of us knows  
just wot it's all about.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### TOMMY BLINDED

**I** DIDN'T mean ter bump yer, Sir,  
yer see, I 'as ter grope.  
I'm sorry, Sir,—why thank'ee Sir,  
why, no,—I'd only mope  
If I sat by the fire at 'ome,  
and couldn't see the gryte—  
Yer see,—I 'aven't quite got used  
ter this 'ere kind of fyte.

I allus loved ter look at things,  
and now I've got ter feel,  
And everythink I touch seems stryng—  
as though it wosn't real;  
I carn't explain just 'ow I feel,  
it isn't like a joke  
Ter live in blackness like a pall  
until yer think you'll choke.

Yer tries ter see, that's it, yer tries—  
and nothin' penetrates  
The thick black fog before yer eyes,  
and though yer waits, and waits,

## TOMMY BLINDED

No light can reach yer through the mist,  
and then yer want ter scream;  
Just like yer does when wykin' up  
from some fierce, 'orrid dream.

But worst of all, yer realize  
it aint a dream at all,  
And then the perspiration starts  
and beads begin ter fall;  
Yer feel them 'ot upon yer 'ands,  
and wants ter shriek aloud,  
And wrestle with the octopus  
that 'olds yer in a cloud.

All that's at first; for, presently,  
another kind of light  
Begins to glimmer in yer mind;—  
of course it isn't sight,—  
There aint no nyme fer wot it is,  
yet everythink yer touch  
Is lighted inwards, so ter speak,  
and so yer cease ter clutch,—

But gently lay yer 'and on things,  
and see them in the dark;  
Just like a man who 'ears its song  
can see a little lark.

## “TOMMY” RHYMES

I'm not so sure I 'ungers for  
the sight I've lost at all,  
Fer now I'm blinded all the folks  
tyke care lest I should fall;

I found a lot of love in those  
I used ter 'ate before,  
And more than this,—I've found that love  
is right down in the core  
Of every man I meets ter-d'y,  
and every woman too;  
Now when I 'ad me sight, yer see,  
just that I never knew.

So why should I be sorry that  
I've lost the use of eyes,  
If, in me 'eart, I knows I've found  
another kind of prize;  
The knowledge that I've lost, at last,  
the enemies I 'ad,  
By findin' out that all the lot  
are glad ter myke me glad.

## THE WOMAN HATER

### THE WOMAN HATER

**N**O doubt I'm free ter talk about the things I saw  
and 'eard

All through the war, no doubt I am, and yet it seems  
absurd,—

I know it does, yet, 'onor bright, I 'aven't got the  
'eart

Ter give away the 'ole of it, but just one tiny part.

The 'ole thing wos so 'ideous, so full of muck and  
slime,

It isn't fit ter put in words, much less ter put in  
rhyme;

And yet there wos one spot, I think, that orter come  
ter light,

And that is 'ow the women seemed ter down a lot  
of fright.

I've seen a woman, in this war, do things ter myke  
yer quail,

And do them with a steady 'and, not even turnin'  
pale

When Tommy 'owled beneath the knife the surgeon  
'ad ter use

Without an anaesthetic or a little drop of booze.



## "TOMMY" RHYMES

The 'Uns 'ad lifted all the lot, and 'adn't left a thing  
Except a lot of dirty cloths which we must wash and  
wring

Before we dared ter bind the wounds that cyme erlong  
so farst

It looked as though we never could attend to them  
at larst.

But 'ere the women dipped in quick, and took us all  
in charge,

'Twas Tommy 'ere, and Tommy there; "Who left yer  
out at large?"

"There's work ter do; why, man alive, 'op round and  
do yer bit!"

And them a *larfin'* and the while, and *singin'*, think  
of it.

I wonder wot there is inside a woman's 'eart and soul;  
At 'ome they're nice, oh, I don't think! at least, not  
on the 'ole;

They seems so selfish there ter me, unless I'm in the  
wrong—

Fer in the war they went beyond us men in bein'  
strong.

I wos a woman-'ater wunce, but ever since the war,

## THE WOMAN HATER

Although I'm lookin' sideways yet, I'm really not so  
shore—

Yet even though they did the things I've spoke of,  
and about,

The very moment they gets 'ome they starts ter jaw  
yer out.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### TOMMY THINKS IT OUT

I'M just an ordinary cuss, wot's got a tyste fer  
h'art

And moosic and the likes of sich, and though I did  
me part

All through the war ter down the 'Uns—I think that  
war is 'ell;

I saw some things, while over there, I wouldn't care  
ter tell.

It got me thinkin', did the war, with death so blinkin'  
close

Just all the while, that now I 'opes it aint myde me  
"*morose*."

That wos the Captin's word, 'Morose,' which 'e said,  
kills a chap,

And blymed near kills a company, if kept too long  
on tap.

I didn't know just wot it meant, that narsty soundin'  
word,

And so I arsked the Captin once, and this is wot  
I 'eard—

As 'is blue eyes looked down at me, as blue as any  
steel—

## TOMMY THINKS IT OUT

"Me boy," 'e says, "it don't mean you. It isn't wot *you* feel.

"It's wot the blighter 'as in 'im, wot's allus got the 'ump,

"And 'ands out ter the rank and file a most forbiddin' lump

"Of stuff that ryses all their bile, and sets 'em gainst the law,

"The only thing that kills *morale* is that 'ere line of jaw."

But 'ere I 'ad ter interrup': "Wot's that" says I, —'morale'?

"Wot 'oly Moses sort of word is that", I says ter Carl.

That wos the Capting's nyme, yer see, 'is father wos a 'Un,

Which goes ter show 'ow stryngy is war, when all is said and done.

"Morale, says 'e, "is just like this: yer see the 'Uns out there

"They've got it in their bones and blood—oh no, yer needn't stare,

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

"I mean it. When they're little chaps, they gets it  
like a dose

"Of medicine each d'y, and so they 'ugs it close.

"It means the Kaiser's allies first, then Fatherland,  
and then

"The rest that's left, a mere machine, no matter 'ow  
or when,

"When once 'is country calls out loud ter syve the  
Kaiser's life

"Just stiffens up and drops 'isself, 'is money, and  
'is wife;

"'E's got ter do it, don't yer see, 'e 'as no other  
choice,

"So loses all 'is self control, and even drops 'is voice.

"Fergettin' everythink but this, 'is natural morale."

"Good Lord," says I, "that's wot it is. Fergettin'  
'ow ter snarl."

You've got it, snapped the Captaing's eyes, as plain  
as plain could be,

'E didn't s'y another word, I understood, yer see;

And as I was 'is Sargint then, I dropped a word or  
two

To every man who was 'morose,' which turned 'is  
'me' ter 'you.'

## TOMMY THINKS IT OUT

That 'ere's the 'ole of it, I think. A soldier is all  
right

When once 'e sees it isn't 'im that's got ter up and  
fight.

'E does it then fer others first, and thus 'e finds at  
larst

'E's wyped all 'is life before, and so fergets the parst.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### MUD

**N**OW we all knows little blighters likes  
ter tell a pack o' lies,  
And its just imaginytion, which  
if anythink's a prize;  
And we all knows 'ow we mucked abart  
a playin' in the dirt  
And the two things went tergether, Lord!  
it didn't do no 'urt.

It wos mud—mud—mud,  
Which wos born into our blood,  
We wos raised and fed upon it,  
And our lives we're spendin' on it,  
Why? O' course.

Now we all know edicytion is  
supposed ter mean a lot,  
That the more we knows of everythink  
the 'igher up we've got;  
But I notice 'ow the knowin' ones  
is muckin' more than us,  
And is diggin' in the muck-'eap where  
it stinks a little wuss!

## MUD

For it's mud—mud—mud,  
Which was stirred into their blood,  
And their nurses kept 'im from it,  
So they wants ter gorge upon it,  
Why? O' course.

Now we both fell in the Flarnders mud  
and landed side by side;  
Per'aps it wos the Flarnders mud  
which myde us both decide  
That wos the lesson we required  
ter teach us 'ow ter stick  
Against all odds ter lick the 'Un  
without a gettin' sick.

It wos mud—mud—mud,  
All around us like a flood,  
Everythink wos jumble in it,  
Did we 'ave ter tumble in it?  
Why—o' course!

It wos wonderful ter watch the w'y  
we got erlong out there,  
For it brought us both ter realize  
we 'ad ter do our share



## **"TOMMY" RHYMES**

**In the cleanin' of the dung-'eap that  
our civilyshun built,  
By the plycin' of the punishment  
right on the top of guilt.**

**In the mud—mud—mud  
We both spilled our brains and blood,  
Till the 'Uns was choked within it  
When America fell in it,  
Why? O' course.**

## THE HARVEST

### THE HARVEST

I 'AVEN'T lived too long, I know, but war 'as  
myde me sure  
I am alive, and that's a lot, indeed it is a cure  
Fer all the foolish things in life—the things ter  
throw away;  
Fer though I knows I'm 'ere just now, I 'aven't long  
ter stay.

A few more d'ys of 'appiness, not muckin' in a mess;  
A few more charnces, as it were, of bringing 'appiness  
Instead of 'atred and its kind—ter get the biggest  
bite  
From off me neighbor's property—and do it out of  
sight;

I'm livin' now ter do me best—to be quite satisfied  
With 'arf a loaf, instead of all;—ter drop the silly  
pride  
That mykes a chap wyke up too late ter find 'e wos  
a fool  
Ter think the gifts 'e 'ad wos 'is: 'e does so, as a  
rule.

## “TOMMY” RHYMES

That is the foolishst idea, just think a moment—  
*gift,*

Whoever gyve one to 'isself, would know the w'y ter  
drift

Quite careless like erlong the stream ter finish at the  
bar;

Tis there yer find the wrecks of men who knows just  
wot they are.

The only things we 'ave in life are those we gets on  
trust;

We orter use them well, indeed, not only ought to—  
must—

Fer if we don't, no matter 'ow we really seems ter  
gain,

We're buildin' up, as sure as fate, a future store of  
pain.

It isn't money mykes the man, it's wot 'e 'asn't got  
'E's lookin' arter all the time, now aint it truly—  
wot?

You never 'unt fer things ye r'ave, now do you, on  
the square?

Unless you think you've lost 'em, or they ain't no  
longer there.

## THE HARVEST

Then, in a trice, yer stop and think—where can  
that thing 'ave got!

I know I put it down right 'ere—and now it's gone  
ter pot;

I wonder who 'as tyken it—some thief 'as been  
around!

And this you're thinkin' all the time until the object's  
found.

It's givin' counts! You 'ave a gift! It's yours ter  
give away,

You cannot 'old it fer yourself, not even fer a day;  
Fer if yer do—the reason's plain—it never grows a  
bit,

But starts ter shrinkin' right away;—that 'ere's the  
'ole of it.

Fer gifts is kin ter seeds, yer know, you plant 'em  
in the soil,

And if you're wise yer chooses well, and aint afraid  
of toil;

And pretty soon yer see results—the crop begins  
ter grow,

And then comes 'arvest time, and then:—oh well,  
the rest you know.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### 'TIS THEY WHO WENT

'TIS they who went who myde fer you the plyce  
yer 'ave terd'y,  
Who, by their orful sacrifice, 'ave pointed out the  
w'y  
Ter start ter myke yer peace on earth, with good-  
will toward all men;  
'Ave you fergotten who it wos said that, and 'ow,—  
and when?

Per'aps you'd like ter drown in tears, becos' yer can  
ferget  
So easily the only thing which conquers men as yet—  
The truth—the blyzin' truth—the light that dwells  
above—below,—  
And right within the 'eart of 'earts of all yer think  
yer know.

Can you ferget, when fyce ter fyce with them as fell  
and died,  
They fell as men, ter rise as stars, which cannot be  
denied?  
Can you ferget them, live erlong, with just yerself in  
mind;

## 'TIS THEY WHO WENT

Or with the idea that you count becos' you're left  
be'ind?

ARISE—AWAKE! Yer hour comes! They 'ave  
not died in vain

Who gyve their lives fer other lives,—in sufferin'  
and pain!

The worm 'as turned, fer Gawd is just;—ARISE—  
AWAKE!—I cry,

The sword is 'angin' by a thread that does not fall  
ter-d'y.

ARISE—AWAKE! Face TRUTH in time, and  
watch time's finger trace

The 'istory that's bound ter come as race devours  
race;

We all are one, and one is all; each mucker 'as a soul;  
ARISE—AWAKE! fer 'e shall live, who first accepts  
the 'ole.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

### HE, OF LABOR—AND HE, OF CAPITAL

#### *Comrades In A Trench*

#### HE, OF LABOR

I never 'ad no schoolin'. Now-a-dyes  
A kid 'as 'arf a charnce. 'E often plyes  
Wif other kids that's better than 'isself.  
You know wot I mean! The coves wif wealf  
Who s'y: "I'll tyke it" when they're in a shop  
Wifout so much as blinkin' till they stop.  
I never 'ad no wealf—

#### HE, OF CAPITAL

But stop and think  
Old top! You have the best of it. We blink  
When you are sleepin—fearing that the day  
May bring disaster. Handing out the pay  
As we must willy-nilly, every week  
We sit and scan our books, with paling cheek  
Forgetting everything but you, your need;  
While we are charged with avarice and greed.

#### HE, OF LABOR

'Old on! That aint the w'y I looks at it.  
You 'ave a lot of money. Well. We 'ooks at it

## HE, OF LABOR—HE, OF CAPITAL

And gits a trifle fer our work—that's all.  
You 'ave a lot, and put it out ter myke  
A profit on the little that we tyke.  
Fer we carn't s'y as two and two mykes five.  
We've got ter spend our all ter keep alive.

### HE, OF CAPITAL

Perhaps you're right in one sense, in a way,  
For values should not change from day to day.  
And yet they do for both of us the same.  
If you demand and I supply—the game  
Is played the other way, for you supply  
Me with the coin to pay you with, and I  
Take for my profit—

### HE, OF LABOR

    All! That's wot I said:  
You tyke it all. We 'ave no profit. Just a bed  
Ter sleep on, Missis, and a lot of kids  
Ter feed and eddicate.

### HE, OF CAPITAL

    But who forbids  
That you employ men as I do? Just think  
A moment. Have you less to eat and drink  
Because you labor for it with your sweat?



## **"TOMMY" RHYMES**

To pay you what I owe, I have to get  
As many times as much, aye, every week,  
As men in my employ. Am I a sneak,  
A thief, because I make enough to fill  
Your stomachs and my own. I pay the bill.

### **HE, OF LABOR**

Ter 'ell yer do. You owns the wery shop  
We trydes in, 'cause we 'ave ter. Pay the top  
Fer everythink we get, because we must,  
While you fill up yer pockets till they bust.

### **HE, OF CAPITAL**

It seems to me your grievance is not just.  
You say you trade with us because you must.  
That is not so. You trade the cheapest way,  
As all men do, who, honest, wish to pay  
For all they get—not choosing to pay more  
Than is demanded in the common store.  
And as to profits, you are far from right.  
We make no more—

### **HE, OF LABOR**

Gorblimy! Wot a fright!  
Yer myke no more! Yer myke it all! We lose  
All that we 'ave. A fat lot we can choose.

## HE, OF LABOR—HE, OF CAPITAL

We 'ave our wyges. That is all we get  
And work like slyves. I carn't see that you  
sweat

When you're at 'ome. You 'ave ter do it 'ere  
The syme as me.

I wish we 'ad some beer!

Don't you? See 'ow it drizzles. Ain't it queer  
Ter think as you and me, wif 'Uns so near  
Should be a Talkin' bout the d'ys of peace?

HE, OF CAPITAL, [*raising himself and peering cautiously into the mist over No Man's Land, while drops of moisture fall with clock-like precision from his dripping helmet*]

Don't talk of peace! This war will never cease  
Until we've licked the Hun for good and all.

Come here a moment! Don't forget you're tall  
And let them pot you. What d'you make of  
that—

Right over there?

HE, OF LABOR

Where? Oh, there! That's the fat  
Old Boche we got a week ago. I swear  
'E stinks as rotten as a mule.

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

HE, OF CAPITAL

Forbear!

You make me ill. It's bad enough to know  
The thing is there without your talking so.

Shh! Keep quiet! [*He takes careful aim and  
fires, as his companion hastily grabs his  
rifle and joins him on the firing-step*]

They're on us! I was sure  
that something moved—

HE, OF LABOR [*firing*]

Yer ain't said nothink truer!

They're thick as bees. They'll 'ave us in a trice.

I bagged another. Ah, that's wery nice!

Yer would surprise us, would yer? Tyke it now  
Right in yer guts, yer b——y sow!

HE, OF CAPITAL

Good Lord!—we're cut off from the rest. Look  
out,

It's death for us. What's best to do? Don't  
shout.

You're wasting breath. What's best to do—  
and quick?

HE, OF LABOR

What's best to do! Good Lord! You myke  
me sick.

## HE, OF LABOR—HE, OF CAPITAL

Ter down the 'Uns! What's best ter do! Ter  
send

A few more 'ome, and stick it ter the end.

Down that there one, 'e's comin' straight—

*[They both continue firing, as the din of musketry  
increases on every side]*

'Urrah!

They've broke. There goes the whistle. 'Ere  
we are

Come on, old pal—

*[At this moment a shell bursts near, wounding both  
seriously, one in the head and arm, the other in  
the leg and thigh]*

HE, OF CAPITAL

They've got me. Are you hurt?

HE, OF LABOR

Yuss—in me leg. It's covered up wif dirt.

HE, OF CAPITAL

Just wait. I'll help you when I fix my arm.

It's nothing much, I guess. A scratch—no harm.

HE, OF LABOR

*[Watching with dilating eyes, as he sees the bone of*

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

*his comrade's arm sticking through the sleeve]*

Yer call that nothin' much. My Gawd—my  
Gawd!

Yer got yer blighty now, fer fair.—Oh Lord!

You'll 'ave to 'elp me, I carn't ryse me leg—

It feels just like a bloomin' wooden peg.

I'd 'elp if I could use me pins ter stand.

Ugh! Don't that 'urt yer, when yer touch that  
'and?

Gawd! Wot a mess. I'm wuss orf than I  
thought—

Me leg's a jelly. My larst battle's fought.

I'm gettin' f'ynt. Where are yer, pal?—

### HE, OF CAPITAL

I'm here,

But getting faint myself. Our end is near.

\* \* \*

Night fell athwart the pair within the trench.

While both were senseless, dawn arose. The stench

Of rotting corpses failed for once to rouse

The two who sprawled, like drunkards from carouse,

Inert and limp. Noon passed. Then afternoon.

And evening brought to light a sickly moon

Before one stirred and broke to feeble groans,

Accented by the other's feebler moans

## HE, OF LABOR—HE, OF CAPITAL

For water—mother—wife—and all the rest  
That, at the worst, still prove the last and best.  
Despite their wounds, they suffered hunger, thirst,  
And so, recalled to life, they thought at first,  
More of a keen desire to drink and feed,  
(Forgetting for the moment, surgeon's need.)  
One had his iron ration still intact,  
And in their dug-out cigarettes were packed;  
But both were now so weak from loss of blood,  
A yard or two apart in sticky mud,  
That neither felt the strength to move an inch—  
An inch of movement meant an ell of flinch  
For two so badly wounded. Through the night  
They spoke in wonder of their awful plight,  
And pledged 'tween man and man the soul of man,  
Alone with God and neath His starry span.  
At break of dawn, they realized their trench  
Lay now in No Man's Land, between the French  
And British, and the Huns. It meant they'd starve,  
Unless one side attacked again, or die  
In misery of wounds. They could not try  
To reach their lines themselves in any case,  
(For now of courage, both had lost a trace,)  
Unless they crawled, with injured limbs entwined  
Across the gap twixt them and humankind.  
The hours passed—and slowly strength returned  
And then they spoke, as both with thirst were burned:

## "TOMMY" RHYMES

HE, OF CAPITAL

It's—rotten—isn't it! How far away  
You are!—It's funny,—isn't it!—I say,  
You know,—you mustn't—

HE, OF LABOR

—'Ow I want ter die.  
Gawd—Gawd! I've licked the mud until it's  
dry!  
For Gawd's sake, water—

HE, OF CAPITAL

All right, pal o' mine.  
I'll get it—somehow. Cheero! Don't—don't  
whine —  
You mustn't—

HE, OF LABOR

Do yer think it's goin' to—rine?  
Oh—I carn't stand it. Oh—this awful pyne!

HE, OF CAPITAL

I'll—get—it! Somehow. Wait—a—bit. Let's  
see;  
I'll try—it. Oh—good Lord! I can't. Just  
three

## HE, OF LABOR—HE, OF CAPITAL

Yards—more. Ah! Wait—a—bit. For God's  
sake wait.

HE, OF LABOR

Go on—old pal—and leave me to my fate.

HE, OF CAPITAL

Hah! Got—it! Wait a bit. Just—wait—a  
—bit,

And very—soon—Oh God!—be—drink—ing—  
it.

Don't struggle—boy—I'm coming—

HE, OF LABOR

Oh,—my Gawd!

HE, OF CAPITAL [*frenzied*]

No—I—lay me—down to—sleep. Oh Lord!  
Our Father,—who—art in—Heaven—Wait a  
bit—

Hallowed—be—thy—name. Christ! I'm—  
bringing it!

Thy—kingdom come. Hold on a minute—  
please,

Hold on. Thy—will—be—done—God! Oh,  
my knees.

Are weak. Hold on—Oh God! hold on—hold on.



## "TOMMY" RHYMES

HE, OF LABOR [*almost unconscious*]

Mamma——Mamma!

HE, OF CAPITAL [*holding the canteen to his comrade's  
lips, who swallows greedily, his eyes bulging*]

There—there, old pal, at—last.

HE, OF LABOR [*reviving with the water*]

Yes, mother! This is 'im. Oh Mamma! 'Old  
me farst!

HE, OF CAPITAL [*faints. A minute or two passes*]

Ah!——

HE, OF LABOR [*pulling at his companion's body,  
which has fallen*]

Hi—hi—pal! Ye're lyin' in the mud —

Tyke out yer fyce—You'll choke! Look! That's  
'is blood!

Tyke out yer fyce—I s'y. [*He shakes his pal's  
body, and with a superhuman effort, man-  
ages to turn him over on his side*]

Where's that canteen?

It wos right 'ere. I sore it. Lor! 'Ow mean!

Oh, 'ere it is! It's empty! Not a drop!

I must 'ave drunk it all. Wyke up—ol' top!

## HE, OF LABOR—HE, OF CAPITAL

Good Gawd! Oh beast—beast—beast I wos ter  
drink

It all! 'E's comin' out of it, I think,  
'Is eyes is flutterin'. Don't let 'im die,  
Oh Gawd! 'E is my myte! I got ter cry!  
Don't let 'im go!

### HE, OF CAPITAL

Good bye, old pal! Good bye.  
I'm going. Look! Alice! There she is. I—  
I'm coming, Alice. Wait, oh wait! Don't go!

### HE, OF LABOR [*frightened at death*]

Good Gawd! Oh, bloody 'ell. Good Gawd!  
Oh—Oh!

### HE, OF CAPITAL

Not—bloody—hell. It's easy,—dying. Look!  
See! There he sits. Still writing in a book.  
He's counting out your time. You have to live.  
I'm sorry, pal o' mine. What would I give  
To take you with me—

### HE, OF LABOR

Don't go, pal! Not yet,  
And leave me all alone!

## HE, OF LABOR—HE, OF CAPITAL

HE, OF CAPITAL

I'll not forget

Find me my little book, and—let—me—write—  
Before my strength is gone. No more we'll  
fight

Together—you and I.

[HE, OF LABOR *takes a small note-book from his companion's tunic, and supports him while he writes, frequently pausing for breath, until he feebly signs his name at the end of a page*]

Keep it with care.

[*he gives him the book*]

And guard it well. It gives to you a share  
Of Capital. More than you ever had  
To spend.—'Twill spoil you, I'm afraid. Too  
bad!

But then, you'll need an artificial leg  
And cannot labor,—so—you'd have—to—beg.  
I'm—sleepy. Let—me—down. Go—easy, pal!

HE, OF LABOR [*breaking into tears and rending sobs*]

Oh—Oh! O bloody—'ell. 'E's gone! No gal  
Loved me like 'im! Wot's that? Wot's that  
I 'ear?





